The First Date

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The First Date

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Summary

Yoongi plans a surprise for Jeongguk.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jeongguk knocks on the bedroom door, not surprised when he fails to hear a response. He pushes down on the handle and opens it up slightly, peeking his head around the gap it creates. He smiles when he sees Yoongi laying on the bed asleep, his headphones still on and tablet laying forgotten on his stomach. He steps inside, closing the door quietly behind him and walking over to the bed. He picks up Yoongi's tablet, placing it carefully on top of the bedside cabinet.

He can hear the quiet beat of a song coming from the headphones but he leaves it playing, not wanting to disturb Yoongi by removing them. Jeongguk squeezes onto the bed, laying on his side in order to curl up next to him. He spends a little while just looking at the elder, taking in the way his lips are parted, the way his eyelids flutter slightly from the movement of Jeongguk climbing on the mattress. His hair is a little messy, strands splaying against the pillows that he's got propped up behind his head.

Not for the first time Jeongguk feels like his chest is crushed with the weight of his feelings for Yoongi. It's been a few weeks now since they confessed to each other just how strong their feelings are. It's not changed anything obvious. They haven't started repeating it to one another constantly, not started sending a thousand heart emojis to each other over Kakao. In fact Jeongguk doubts that any of the other members would even realise that they'd crossed such a big milestone in their relationship.

No, there are no changes that anyone could see but something has changed a little for them, Jeongguk thinks. It was always clear that they cared a lot for each other but actually voicing it out loud brings Jeongguk a deep contentment, a feeling of safety- he's not really sure how best to describe it. He just knows that he feels closer to Yoongi than ever and he's pretty sure that Yoongi feels the same way.

Jeongguk nestles his cheek against the pillow, his nose almost nudging against Yoongi's face. He drapes an arm across Yoongi's chest as he closes his eyes. He takes a moment just to relax, something that's been all too rare over the last couple of weeks. The period around the Festa was ridiculously busy and Jeongguk now feels like his days have recently turned into constant rehearsals for their upcoming tour. He's looking forward to it but not looking forward to the related exhaustion that comes with it. It's also going to be the first time that they've toured whilst him and Yoongi have been an item and he worries a little that moments like this are going to be even more hard to find.

Jeongguk makes the most of it while he can, enjoying all of the little details. The steady rise and fall of Yoongi's chest under his arm; the gentle sound of his rhythmic breathing; the light musk of cologne on his skin. It comforts Jeongguk massively to just be with Yoongi like this. Jeongguk feels himself start to drift a little and he gives into it, even though he knows that they're all going to need to heard to another rehearsal fairly soon. He's almost dropping off to sleep when he hears Yoongi speak.

"Hi."

Yoongi lets his head flop to the side so that he's facing Jeongguk. He blinks blearily a few times, a sleepy smile settling on his lips. Jeongguk inches forward, their lips brushing together in a light kiss. He reaches up, pushing up Yoongi's headphones until they're off his head and resting on the pillow.

"Hi," he smiles back.

Yoongi turns his whole body now to face Jeongguk's, edging closer so that their legs entwine. He slips his own arm around Jeongguk's waist. Jeongguk leans in, bringing their lips together again. Yoongi applies a little more pressure this time, though it stays fairly chaste. That is, until the tip of Jeongguk's tongue darts out and Yoongi's mouth parts willingly for him.

They kiss so slowly, taking their time to lazily explore each other's mouths. Their bodies shift a bit closer, chests pressed together as their tongues continue their languid slide. It's a strange contrast, the almost torturously slow pace of the kiss compared the frantic way that Jeongguk's heart races. Yoongi still has such an incredible effect on him.

Yoongi makes a low, sleepy noise of appreciation when Jeongguk slips his hand just slightly beneath Yoongi's shirt, rubbing over the warm skin of his lower back. He shuffles towards Jeongguk even more, his own hand sliding down to grab gently at Jeongguk's ass. It makes Jeongguk grin into the kiss.

"Such a one track mind," he murmurs against Yoongi's lips.

"Don't judge me, I'm tired," Yoongi mumbles. "And you have a nice ass. Let me appreciate it."

Jeongguk laughs lightly, pinching Yoongi's side before capturing his mouth in another kiss. It's still slow and it's still deep, and it makes

Jeongguk sigh softly into it. God, what he wouldn't give to be able to wake Yoongi up like this all the time. How nice it must be to share a bed with your boyfriend and get to enjoy lazy kisses every morning.

When they finally pull apart they share a small smile. Yoongi's eyes still look a little drowsy but there's a sparkle of pure happiness in there. It makes Jeongguk's stomach twist and he can't resist giving Yoongi one last soft peck on the mouth. Yoongi hums contentedly before a look of sudden panic flits over his features.

"Where's my tablet?"

"I just put it on there," Jeongguk tells him, nodding towards the bedside unit. "Is that okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, fine," Yoongi says, though he sounds a tiny bit flustered.

"Was there something secret on there?" Jeongguk grins, immediately reaching over Yoongi to try and grab it.

"Get off," Yoongi chides him, smacking his arm away from the device, turning over in order to move it further out of Jeongguk's grasp.

"What's on it?" Jeongguk asks excitedly. "Oh my god, were you looking at porn?"

"What the hell, no I wasn't," Yoongi protests. "It's none of your business anyway."

"So it *was* porn," Jeongguk says sagely, as though Yoongi has just given him confirmation.

"You're such a fucking nuisance," Yoongi huffs. "Get out of my room."

It's clearly said in jest however and Jeongguk stays exactly where he is, only moving when Yoongi rolls him onto his back. Yoongi props himself up on his elbow, his other hand sliding underneath Jeongguk's shirt, running across his abdomen.

"Why would I need porn when I've got you," he smirks mischievously, and Jeongguk very much wishes that they weren't in a house full of people when Yoongi's giving him a look like he is right now.

Jeongguk tilts his head up, encouraging Yoongi to lean down and kiss him. He does so eagerly, mouth finding Jeongguk's in a much more fiery kiss this time. Jeongguk kisses back excitedly, one hand cradling

the back of Yoongi's neck as the kiss deepens. It doesn't quite manage to distract Jeongguk enough though, his hand reaching out to blindly grab at the tablet.

"Stop that," Yoongi grunts, moving so that he's straddling Jeongguk's thighs, his hand pinning down Jeongguk's arm. He sounds irritated but the corners of his lips tug upwards with a suppressed smile. Jeongguk grins.

"Fine," he sighs begrudgingly.

He wraps his arms around Yoongi's waist, tugging him down so that he's laying fully on top of Jeongguk. They kiss again and honestly, Jeongguk could happily do this all day. He imagines being able to spend hours just getting lost in each other like this; one day he hopes that they can.

"You're free tomorrow evening right?" Yoongi asks eventually, the question murmured against Jeongguk's jaw.

"Yeah," Jeongguk tells him.

It's the first free evening they've had in a while, marking the start of a few days off for all of them before the tour schedule begins in earnest. Jeongguk knows that Yoongi's going back to Daegu for the break and Jeongguk's kind of dreading it a little; they've not spent time apart since Jeongguk went to Japan months ago. It's only a few days though he reminds himself for the umpteenth time.

"Good," Yoongi says. "Keep it free."

"Why? What's happening?"

Jeongguk looks up at him, intrigued. Yoongi shrugs.

"Just keep it free."

Jeongguk wants to ask more but they're interrupted by Seokjin knocking at the door, checking that the coast is clear before he enters. The thought of catching them in the middle of something clearly weighs on his mind. Yoongi rolls off to lay back on the bed before calling him in.

"Hey," he greets them both, not particularly bothered by Jeongguk's presence in his room anymore. If anything he seems to find it kind of sweet. When the members caught the two of them curled up together

under the blanket on the couch one morning a few weeks back, Seokjin was the only one who chided the others for their merciless teasing. Jeongguk's not sure if he would have been so avid if he knew about all the sex that happened on the couch the night before. "We're leaving in about ten minutes by the way."

"Thanks hyung," Jeongguk tells him over the top of Yoongi's grumbling.

"Come on, only one more practice to go before full rehearsals," Seokjin says encouragingly, though he looks rather nervous himself at the low number.

Jeongguk gives Yoongi's hand a small squeeze as he gets up, heading to his own room to get ready. It's not until he's crashing in to bed later that night, limbs aching and body exhausted, that he ponders again what he may be keeping tomorrow evening free for. Eventually tiredness wins out over curiosity and he falls asleep with the question unsolved.

*

It isn't until Jeongguk glances down at his watch the next day that he realises it’s almost 4pm and he’s still none the wiser about what he’s meant to be doing this evening. His and Yoongi’s paths haven’t crossed much today and there’s been no communication from either side due to their busy days. He doesn’t think too much on it, focusing instead on his workout with Seokjin. The elder seems to be pushing himself more than ever; their last practice didn’t go quite as well as seamlessly as they’d hoped yesterday and Seokjin seems to be irrationally blaming himself for a lot of it.

“Don’t push yourself too much hyung,” Jeongguk tells as he catches sight of him in the mirror, looking red faced and sweaty. “You’re no use to us dead.”

“I’m no use to you all anyway,” Seokjin mutters.

“Don’t say that,” Jeongguk retorts. "Things always turns out fine in the end.”

Seokjin makes a small noise of agreement but he doesn’t look entirely convinced. Jeongguk knows that saying anything more probably isn’t going to help so he keeps quiet after that. They don’t converse again until Seokjin suggests that they head back to the house.

Jeongguk's phone buzzes during the ride back, three messages coming through from Yoongi in quick succession. He opens them eagerly.

Yoongi:

Are you still free tonight?

Meet here at 8

The next message is a link to a restaurant that Jeongguk's never heard of. It looks pretty fancy but in cool, edgy way rather than looking stuffy and boring. Jeongguk scrunches up his nose a little in confusion and shows his phone screen to Seokjin.

"Hyung, have you ever heard of this place?"

Seokjin peers down before his eyes widen in excitement. He nods enthusiastically.

"Yes, I've wanted to go there for ages," he tells Jeongguk. "The food's meant to be amazing, it's won tons of awards."

"Oh, right," Jeongguk says. "Well I think we're going there tonight."

"Really?" Seokjin near enough gasps. "Who's we?"

"All of us, I guess," Jeongguk shrugs. "Yoongi just messaged the details."

"Oh, I haven't got anything from him," Seokjin frowns, getting his phone out to check again. "I'll text him."

Jeongguk nods even though Seokjin's not really looking. He replies with an *OK, see you later* to Yoongi. He starts scrolling through the menu on the website, already mentally picking out what he wants to eat. It all sounds simultaneously interesting and delicious, and he's ready to devour the entire menu without even seeing the food. Seokjin's tapping away on his phone and it's a few minutes later before he speaks again.

"Yeah, actually I don't think I'll be coming tonight," Seokjin laughs.

Jeongguk's just about to ask him why when his own phone buzzes with another message from Yoongi.

Yoongi:

stop inviting other people on our date

Jeongguk feels a heat instantly flush his cheeks, his lips parting in surprise. A date? An actual date? It's only when he looks over at Seokjin that he breaks into a smile. Seokjin's obviously been updated by whatever's Yoongi's messaged him. Seokjin smiles too, leaning over and ruffling Jeongguk's hair affectionately.

"Look at you, bringing out Yoongi's romantic side," Seokjin grins. "At least he's treating you right."

"Shut up," Jeongguk mumbles, suddenly a little embarrassed amongst his excitement. He can't believe that Yoongi's arranged something like this. "It's not a big deal."

"Sure," Seokjin replies, rolling his eyes because he of course gets that it is something of a massive fucking deal.

Jeongguk tries to keep it low key when he's back in the house and immediately heads to the shower before Seokjin can jump in there. By the time he comes out and is standing in front of his closet, trying to decide on an outfit for the evening, it seems word has spread however. There's a screech of excitement and a knock on his door.

"Come in," Jeongguk says tentatively.

Hoseok and Taehyung almost fall into the room, maniacal grins on both their faces. Jeongguk suddenly wishes that he'd gotten dressed before calling them in, feeling very exposed in just a towel with the way they're staring at him, all hyped up.

"Can I help you?" Jeongguk asks, arching an eyebrow.

"We heard you're going on a date," Taehyung blurts out before Hoseok can answer. "Seokjin-hyung told us."

"Well, he's going to number one on my hitlist," Jeongguk mumbles, trying to return his focus to the clothes hanging in front of him rather than the two excitable members hovering to his side.

"This is so exciting!" Hoseok exclaims, ignoring Jeongguk's comment entirely.

"Okay, okay, let's not make this into a big thing," Jeongguk tells them nervously.

“But it *is*,” Taehyung retorts immediately. “This is your first ever date, Kook.”

“Yeah, well,” Jeongguk mutters, suddenly feeling that heat returning to his cheeks again. He doesn’t know what else to say so just lets his words trail off there.

“What are you going to wear?” Hoseok asks, filling the silence.

“I dunno,” Jeongguk shrugs. “Probably just a shirt and-“

“I swear to god if you try wearing your white shirt and jeans combo I will disown you,” Taehyung tells him firmly.

“I wasn’t going to!” Jeongguk protests, although he honestly doesn’t see what the hell is wrong with that look.

Taehyung raises an eyebrow suspiciously as though he doesn’t quite believe Jeongguk’s answer. “Let us help you pick.”

“I think I can dress myself, thank you very much,” Jeongguk huffs. Taehyung huffs right back.

“*Fine*,” he concedes. “Can we at least know where you’re going?”

“Sure,” Jeongguk says, feeling a little bad at crushing their excitement. It’s nice that they’re both so happy for him and he *is* excited too. It's jut that it’s mixed in with a lot of nerves and shyness too.

He unlocks the screen on his phone and shows them the restaurant website. They both sit on his bed, sharing the phone between them and looking intently at the screen. They murmur appreciatively as they look through and Jeongguk keeps a close eye on them. He’s had his phone hijacked too many times before, ending up in a series of embarrassing messages being sent on his behalf.

“Anyway, I kind of need to get dressed,” Jeongguk says eventually, once they’ve stopped oohing and aahing over items on the menu.

“Nah, just go like that,” Taehyung suggests with a wink. “I’m sure hyung would appreciate it.”

“I’m sure he appreciates Kookie for his personality,” Hoseok replies quickly, with that odd panicked tone to his voice that appears whenever he’s forced to imagine the pair in any sort of sexual

scenario.

“Yeah, I’m sure he doesn’t even *notice* that his boyfriend has an insanely hot body,” Taehyung replies dryly, rolling his eyes at Hoseok, who in turn grimaces at the thought of Yoongi appreciating such a thing.

“Oh my *god* Tae, stop being so embarrassing,” Jeongguk tells him, voice much higher in pitch than he would like. “Both of you, out please.”

They both sigh and get up from the bed, wandering out to let him get dressed, not before giving him a thumbs up as they leave. Jeongguk looks at the clothes in his closet, feeling even more flustered than before, and sets about trying to figure out what to wear.

When Jeongguk heads into the lounge he tries his best to ignore Jimin who instantly wolf whistles loudly at him. Namjoon sits next to him on the couch, looking utterly awkward. Seokjin walks into the lounge too, apparently drawn by the noise. Jimin looks Jeongguk up and down appraisingly before nodding in approval.

“Looking good, Kook,” he smirks. “Careful that you don’t give Yoongi-hyung a heart attack - gotta be careful with these old guys.”

“Old guys? He’s younger than me,” Seokjin grumbles but he lets the comment slide.

“I’m sure Yoongi can survive the sight,” Namjoon says dismissively.

There’s a short pause and Seokjin heads back out of the room after giving Jeongguk a quick thumbs up and god, Jeongguk’s cheeks must actually be on fire. He’s going to *kill* Yoongi for leaving him alone to deal with all of this attention. Namjoon clears his throat.

“Look, you guys know that you can’t be all like- *coupley* tonight, right?” he eventually says.

“Of course hyung,” Jeongguk assures him. “Honestly, we’re just having dinner, like, you know, friends.”

Namjoon visibly relaxes at Jeongguk’s answer and the younger wonders if he had been worrying that the pair of them were going to use this as a moment to go public or something. Namjoon smiles at him, the tension easing from his face.

“Cool. Sorry, I hate bringing that stuff up but-“

“It’s fine,” Jeongguk replies.

He knows that Namjoon has to remind them of these things and he doesn’t hold it against him. He knows that despite this apparently being a date they’ll still have to act as though they’re friends, band mates, nothing more. He notices Jimin’s gaze flickering over to him, probably remembering Jeongguk’s comments from a while ago about being jealous of the freedoms regular couples have.

“Cool,” Namjoon repeats. “You do look, uh, very nice.”

He says it so awkwardly that it makes both Jeongguk and Jimin laugh, causing Namjoon to laugh at himself too.

“Sorry, I don’t know what to say,” he grins bashfully. “I feel like your dad fucking sending you off to prom or something.”

“Yeah, it’s really weird,” Jeongguk agrees.

He’s grateful that everyone’s as accepting as they are to the extent that they’re getting so excited on his behalf, but he’s really not enjoying the constant attention from them all. He sits down on the couch, though he’s immediately standing up again once he spots Jimin trying to take a photo on him on his phone.

“What are you doing?” he exclaims, batting Jimin’s phone out of his hand.

“Um, taking a photo to remember this special moment?” he says with false seriousness. He wipes away an imaginary tear from the corner of his eye. “They grow up so fast.”

“Fuck it, I’m waiting for the taxi outside,” Jeongguk decides. “See you later.”

He steps out the front door and immediately wishes that he hadn’t. It’s still insanely humid outside despite the late hour and he really doesn’t need another reason to get all sweaty. The embarrassment was more than enough. He smooths down his shirt, tucking it into his black jeans a little more before rolling up the sleeves to his elbows. He’s picked a wine coloured shirt, remembering Yoongi’s very favourable reaction when he wore a similar coloured shirt a few months ago. He guesses that it’s smart enough without being too formal. It didn’t look like an overly dressy place on the website.

The taxi thankfully turns up quickly as Jeongguk feels a little like he's melting wearing such un-summery clothes in the heat. He fiddles with the rings on his fingers once he heads into the restaurant. He's only seeing Yoongi so he doesn't know why he feels so nervous – he thinks it's the fact that they've never been out just the two of them for a long time, and certainly never on anything organised like this.

Yoongi isn't there when he arrives so he sits at the table on his own to wait, ordering himself a beer and looking around. The décor is quite minimal but it's really cool, a sort of industrial vibe to it all. The lighting is dim which he's grateful for, and they're seated in small booth so they're not particular overlooked. He's so busy looking around at the restaurant that he's somewhat startled when he hears someone clearing their throat next to him.

"Hey."

Jeongguk's head swivels round to see Yoongi standing next to him, grinning at the way Jeongguk's gazing around the room. Jeongguk stands up, going to kiss Yoongi in greeting but he suddenly remembers where they are and so just sits back down awkwardly. Yoongi laughs lightly and goes to sit in the seat opposite. Jeongguk takes a moment to check him out as he does so. He's wearing a loose fitting white shirt and grey skinny jeans and it's simple, but god he looks so fucking good. Jeongguk wishes so badly that he could reach over, kiss him or hold his hand or *something* but he doesn't. He simply stays seated where he is.

"You okay?" Yoongi asks, looking a little concerned, and Jeongguk suddenly realises that he hasn't actually said anything yet.

"Yes, yes, great," he grins. "Hi.'

It makes Yoongi laugh again and it's honestly a sound that Jeongguk will never tire of, especially when he knows that he is the cause. Yoongi presses his lips together, holding back a bigger smile as he looks over affectionately at Jeongguk. He looks as though he's about to say something but the waiter chooses that moment to bring Jeongguk over his beer, Yoongi then ordering the same. He hands each of them a menu whilst he's there and they both listen attentively to the specials.

"This place is cool," Jeongguk says once the waiter's disappeared. It's kind of got a grungey vibe almost as though they're at some low cost eatery, but the prices make it very clear that this is very much a

reservations-only kind of place.

“I’m glad you like it,” Yoongi replies, looking genuinely pleased. “I’d prefer something more casual but I thought that we might not attract as much attention here.”

Jeongguk nods in understanding. It’s not a nice thing to have to consider but aside from the low lighting and hidden seating areas, the exclusive feel of the place means they’re somewhat less likely to be photographed by other customers throughout their meal. Jeongguk feels like a dick just for thinking that way and he knows that Yoongi does too, but it is nice to have a little more privacy for once when dining out.

“Why did you do all this?” Jeongguk asks, fiddling with the corner of his menu.

Yoongi shrugs. “I dunno. I just wanted to,” he says, before explaining more. “We miss out a lot on doing stuff like a regular couple and I worry that you get down about it sometimes.”

Jeongguk’s chest aches as he looks up at Yoongi. The elder is smiling softly at him and he can’t quite believe that he’s been so lucky as to end up with such a kind, sweet guy like Yoongi for his boyfriend. He smiles back before looking back down.

“It’s worth it,” he mumbles, still playing with the edge of the menu.

Yoongi doesn’t say anything and when Jeongguk chances a glance back up he's looking down as well, suddenly very interested in his menu too. Eventually he looks back up and their eyes meet, making them both chuckle, embarrassed.

“This is my first ever date ever you know,” Jeongguk tells him.

“I know,” Yoongi replies, voice laced with affection, and it makes Jeongguk’s insides squirm pleasurably.

The moment is interrupted by the waiter bringing over Yoongi’s beer. Once it’s in his hand they clink their glasses together, grinning stupidly before taking a drink, Jeongguk’s gulp considerably larger. He’s kind of wishing that he took up Taehyung’s suggestion to just wear a towel tonight, still feeling far too warm. He tugs a little at the collar of his shirt, trying to expose a bit more of his skin to the cooler air. He doesn’t fail to catch Yoongi watching his action intently, biting ever so gently on his lower lip.

“You look good, Kook,” he says lowly, his grin slipping into something a little less stupid and a lot more seductive.

Jeongguk smirks back, wetting his lips lightly. “Thanks. So do you.”

They both hold each other’s gaze a while longer, and Jeongguk feels a different kind of heat course through him. Yoongi’s eyes hold an intensity that Jeongguk isn’t used to seeing in a public setting and he feels like his skin is blazing just from the look. Yoongi clears his throat.

“So, this food, huh?” he says pointedly, breaking the moment as he looks down at the menu.

“Yeah,” Jeongguk replies uselessly, biting on the inside of his cheeks to stop himself from grinning too wide. His eyes scan down the menu although he already knows what he wants from looking it up online earlier today. “Seokjin’s so jealous by the way.”

“Yeah, I gathered that,” Yoongi grins, eyes sparkling in amusement as he looks back up at Jeongguk.

They decide on some dishes to share, Yoongi happy to go with Jeongguk’s choices so long as they can add an extra side of beef. Jeongguk’s stomach is rumbling now, not having eaten in anticipation of tonight despite feeling ravenous after the gym. They order a couple more beers, Jeongguk having downed his first far too quickly, but Yoongi doesn’t seem bothered. It’s nice not to have the others fussing over him for doing so. There’s a stretch of comfortable silence, Jeongguk looking around the place as Yoongi rotates his beer glass slowly on the table.

“It’s my first too you know.”

Jeongguk looks back at him, brow furrowing. “First what?

“First date.”

“What, with me?” Jeongguk laughs. “Yeah, I’d figured that much out-“

“No,” Yoongi interrupts. “Just- my first date.”

Jeongguk blinks a few times in confusion. Yoongi keeps watching his glass turning in his hand.

“But-“ Jeongguk stutters. “I thought you had a- a boyfriend before.”

He speaks quietly, no one around to overhear but cautious just in case.

“He wasn’t really a *date* kind of guy,” Yoongi tells him. “He preferred that people didn’t know about me, and going on dates made that kind of difficult.”

Yoongi’s admittance hangs heavily in the air. Jeongguk doesn’t press him any further, letting Yoongi tell him what he wants at his own pace. He’s just pleased that Yoongi chooses to share such personal information with him, even if it does make Jeongguk’s blood boil somewhat to hear it. Who the fuck wouldn’t want people to know that Yoongi was their boyfriend? If Jeongguk could tell the world, he would.

“Then he’s a fucking idiot,” Jeongguk states. Yoongi laughs a little, though it’s not a particularly happy laugh.

“Well, I was too for going along with it,” Yoongi shrugs. “I was just a lot more naïve back then.”

There’s a small gap in the conversation as Jeongguk processes what Yoongi’s told him and Yoongi taps his fingers against his beer glass.

“What about, like, other people?” Jeongguk asks, remembering Yoongi telling him that he’d done stuff with guys and girls before.

“Ah, they were more like- casual,” he says. “One time things, you know.”

Jeongguk nods, even though the world of casual hook ups is entirely alien to him. There’s another short pause as they both ponder the conversation.

“Well, I’m happy that we get to be each other’s first dates,” Jeongguk eventually says.

Yoongi looks over at him and smiles. It's a sweet, wide smile that shows far too much gum but it makes Jeongguk’s stomach flutter. Jeongguk can’t help but smile back, teeth showing as he does so. Yoongi swallows and briefly looks up to the ceiling.

“Shit, we are a bit nauseating sometimes, aren’t we?” he laughs, sheepishly. “I think the guys are right."

“Yeah, I think so,” Jeongguk agrees. “At least we can be nauseating together."

“Oh god, too much,” Yoongi groans, pressing his palms into his face. Jeongguk just laughs loudly.

When the food comes out it all looks mouth-watering, and it tastes just as delicious. It’s all Korean but with Japanese, French and even Spanish twists to the dishes. Jeongguk snaps a photo to send to Seokjin just to tease him, which quickly results in a plethora of crying face emojis sent back to him. He piles up his plate, making sure to leave enough for Yoongi, but Yoongi ends up leaning over and scraping more onto Jeongguk’s plate anyway.

There’s a lull in the conversation as they eat, no noise other than the contented sounds of their munching and the occasional murmur of approval. They both agree that food is a serious business that requires all of their attention. Jeongguk is kind of glad for the first time that they are in public though, as he occasionally gets the urge to lean over and feed Yoongi some of the food he’s trying, and that sort of behaviour is definitely way too embarrassing.

They both lean back in their chairs once they’re finished, absolutely stuffed and able to eat no more. They both lazily watch the waiter clear the plates away, giving him their positive feedback on the food as he does so. He offers them the dessert menu but they politely decline.

“So, was this okay?” Yoongi asks once they’re alone again, sounding a little nervous and also hopeful that Jeongguk has enjoyed himself.

Jeongguk nods avidly. “Amazing,” he says without exaggeration. He waits a moment before continuing, voice softer this time. “Thanks so much for doing all this.”

Yoongi shrugs it off but Jeongguk feels the toe of Yoongi's boot touch to his under the table and they both smile a little shyly. Jeongguk holds his gaze and he feels that familiar shiver of desire shoot through him. Yoongi’s cheeks are slightly flushed from the alcohol, his eyes hooded from the soporific effect of all the food and the low lighting. He scratches at his neck, long fingers catching on his collar as he does so and Jeongguk’s transfixed.

“So, I kind of want to take you for drinks after this but I also kind of want to be somewhere a bit more private,” Yoongi grins. “It’s up to you.”

“Second option sounds good,” Jeongguk grins back.

The cheque gets delivered to their table and Yoongi glances briefly over it before tucking his credit card into the wallet. Jeongguk chucks his on top.

“Um, what are you doing?” Yoongi says, tossing the card back at Jeongguk.

“Um, paying my half,” Jeongguk replies, imitating Yoongi’s tone quite perfectly.

“No way,” Yoongi tells him.

“It’s only fair,” Jeongguk protests. “Let me pay my half.”

“Nope,” Yoongi says firmly. “I asked you out, therefore I pay. Those are the rules."

“You’re making that up,” Jeongguk retorts. “Split it.”

He throws his card back across the table, taking a triumphant sip of beer. Unfortunately Yoongi shoves it right back.

“For fuck’s sake,” Yoongi huffs. “Just let Big Daddy pay.”

Jeongguk really wishes that he didn’t have a mouthful of beer. He snorts at Yoongi’s unexpected reference to their past text conversation, unattractively choking on the beer whilst at the same time dribbling some down his shirt. Yoongi just laughs.

“This is why we don’t eat in nice places,” he remarks dryly, calling over the waiter and handing him the cheque.

“Are you okay, Sir?” the waiter asks, clearly concerned. A famous idol dying on the premises probably isn't the sort of publicity this place wants. Jeongguk nods and gives him the thumbs up, not quite able to speak yet.

“That was low,” Jeongguk huffs once the waiter has disappeared and Yoongi’s paid, wiping a napkin across his lips before dabbing at the wet patch on his shirt.

“Had to be done,” Yoongi smirks.

Jeongguk sighs, admitting defeat. He waits a few beats before responding. “So we’re not going with Little Princess then?”

“If I ever agree to either of those names then you’ll know I’ve gone

officially fucking mad."

Jeongguk grins. He's inclined to agree.

By the time they're walking back into the house it's late, but not excessively so. Therefore it's a little surprising when they find the downstairs oddly silent and empty.

"Lightweights," Yoongi comments upon realising that everyone's already in bed.

He seems fairly happy about the fact though, wrapping his arms around Jeongguk from behind and pressing a small kiss to his neck. Jeongguk's arms twist back, his hands resting on Yoongi's hips.

"What was that you were saying about a drink?" Jeongguk asks.

They're soon settled on the couch, two glasses and Soju placed on the table in front of them. Their thighs press comfortably together as they lean back into the cushions. They both turn their heads to the side, facing each other and smiling easily. Jeongguk's not sure who moves first but soon they're sharing a soft, slow kiss. Jeongguk's stomach swoops as it deepens. Yoongi's hand strokes against his jaw, Jeongguk melting into the smooth glide of their tongues against one another.

A lower murmur of pleasure escapes Yoongi when they gradually break apart, fingers caressing Jeongguk's neck. He looks at the younger, eyes simmering with a deep desire.

"Been wanting to do that all evening," Yoongi admits, eyes flickering down to Jeongguk's lips before leaning in to bring their mouths together once more.

"You should have," Jeongguk tells him. "Fuck everyone else."

He knows it's all talk; they'd never do anything like that in public. It makes Yoongi smile though. Jeongguk can feel it as their lips meet again.

"And people think I'm the bad influence," he murmurs, just before his tongue slips back inside Jeongguk's mouth.

They spend a long time getting utterly lost in the kiss. Jeongguk curls into Yoongi, his legs slung across the elder's lap. Yoongi's hand rubs along Jeongguk's thigh, Jeongguk's arms slide around Yoongi's neck, the kiss slow and deliberate and wonderful.

"I love you," Jeongguk breathes against Yoongi's lips, the beers and the kiss and everything about this evening making the words come easily. It's the first time he's actually said it since the night they confessed but now seems like the right moment.

He feels Yoongi sigh happily before claiming his mouth once more and tightening his fingers on Jeongguk's leg. It's a while later before Jeongguk hears Yoongi's *"I love you too"* whispered back to him as they pull apart for a moment to catch their breath.

"Right. Drink," Yoongi eventually says after countless minutes of more languid, sensual kisses, as though suddenly remembering the original purpose of sitting in the lounge. Jeongguk leans back against the cushions, legs still over Yoongi's lap.

"You have to pour," Jeongguk tells him lazily. "You're the oldest."

"You're all about the formalities when it suits you, huh?" Yoongi replies, but he leans forward to pour a glass anyway.

Once it's full he offers it to Jeongguk, who takes it correctly with both hands before giving an exaggerated bow. Yoongi snorts and shakes his head.

He pours his own glass before clinking it against Jeongguk's. They both down their glasses, letting the burn settle before Jeongguk fills up Yoongi's glass this time, and the routine begins.

*

"Hyung, wake up, we're going to be late."

Jeongguk blearily opens his eyes, squinting up at Taehyung standing above him. It takes him a moment to register that he's in the lounge, laying awkwardly on the couch. He's momentarily confused about Taehyung's use of the honorific until he hears the gravelly rumble of Yoongi's voice next to him.

"Alright, alright, no need to be so fucking loud," Yoongi tells him.

"I am literally whispering right now," Taehyung huffs. "Come on, I'm not missing our train because of you two getting drunk."

"Wasn't drunk," Yoongi retorts weakly, though Jeongguk's fuzzy head tells him otherwise. He definitely remembers a lot of alcohol last night. A lot of making out too though. He tries not to smile at the

memory, imagining that it won't best please Taehyung right now.

Taehyung starts wobbling the couch cushions, something that Jeongguk definitely does not approve of. He groans in protest, covering his eyes with his forearm.

"I'm up, stop that," Yoongi grumbles, and Jeongguk had almost forgotten how much he enjoys Yoongi's morning voice, all deep and scratchy with sleep.

There's a dip in the cushions as Yoongi stands up, soon replaced as Taehyung flops down in his place.

"Taxi's here in forty minutes," Taehyung calls after him

Jeongguk doesn't hear a response but a few seconds later there's a muttered *"charming"* from Taehyung so Jeongguk's pretty sure that Yoongi's just flipped him off. There's soon a hand lightly shaking Jeongguk's leg.

"So, how was last night?" Taehyung asks cheerily.

Jeongguk gives a noncommittal grunt in response which he hopes conveys his wish to be left alone to sleep. No such luck with Taehyung and Jeongguk should have known better really, the elder now bouncing the cushions slightly. Jeongguk yawns and opens his eyes.

"It was good," Jeongguk tells him.

"Good," Taehyung repeats flatly. "Not exactly a ringing endorsement. Was it that bad?"

"No, no, it was great. Really great," Jeongguk says. "We had fun."

"Okay, good," Taehyung nods, seeming to approve much more of this answer. "Tell me all about it."

Jeongguk proceeds to tell him about the restaurant, the amazing food, the night that somehow descended into drinking games. He leaves out all the tipsy kissing and groping but he feels that Taehyung somehow knows that's a given.

"Did you take any photos of the food?" Taehyung asks. "It sounds cool."

"Uh, yeah I did," Jeongguk recalls, sitting up and grabbing his phone from the floor.

Taehyung shuffles over so he can look at the screen, peering down in anticipation. Jeongguk opens the photo roll, immediately closing it down when he sees a ton of thumbnails of him and Yoongi. Unfortunately not before Taehyung sees them too.

"What were *those*?" he grins wickedly, trying to take the phone from Jeongguk who rapidly locks it.

"Nothing," Jeongguk shrugs as nonchalantly as possible.

He'd forgotten for a moment that he and Yoongi had somehow ended up trying to take a decent selca of the two of them last night, but it took a hell of a lot of attempts due to the fact that they kept dissolving into laughter at their ridiculous attempts.

"Let me see," Taehyung demands, snapping his fingers impatiently.

"Hell no."

"Oh, are there sexy ones on there?" Taehyung says excitedly, a worrying glint in his eyes.

"Any sexy what?" comes Hoseok's voice from the doorway.

"Kook and Yoongi-hyung were taking sexy photos together," Taehyung explains, as though it's a certified fact.

"Why," Hoseok says, sounding utterly miserable. "Why would you tell me this?"

Taehyung cackles as Jeongguk protests.

"Don't worry, he's just joking hyung," Jeongguk assures him but Hoseok doesn't seem entirely convinced. Jeongguk gives Taehyung a firm whack on the arm.

"Fine, fine, I was joking," Taehyung sighs. "Go on, show us this amazing food then."

Jeongguk very carefully holds the phone away from Taehyung, scrolling through until he finds the photos that he sent to Seokjin last night. Taehyung presses up next to him and Hoseok tentatively peers over from the back of the couch, as though wanting to check first that he’s not about to see anything graphic. Come to think of it, Jeongguk probably should delete that photo he convinced Yoongi to send to him in Japan but something makes him want to keep it. Nothing wrong

with a little visual inspiration now and again when Yoongi's not around. He wonders if Yoongi still has the one Jeongguk sent to him saved on his phone.

Taehyung and Hoseok make appreciative noises at the photos before talk turns to Taehyung's visit back home. He seems incredibly excited, words almost merging together with how fast he talks when describing some of the activities he has planned with his family. It's warming to see and they both listen attentively, Hoseok looking fondly at Taehyung as he rattles on. Yoongi's not overtly shown such enthusiasm for his trip home but Jeongguk can tell that he's looking forward to it immensely, obvious in the way his expression lights up when he talks about it.

Jeongguk wishes he could be going home in this break too, but they can never tell when they might get gifted a gap in the schedule like this and unfortunately his parents are currently on vacation, celebrating their wedding anniversary. Jeongguk forgets which one exactly. At least it's not too long until he gets to see them. They'll be travelling up to Seoul soon for the opening night of their tour. He smiles happily at the thought.

Jimin comes in to join them, dressed in loose shorts and an old t shirt, stretching his arms up above him in a yawn. He smiles sleepily at them all, though Jeongguk notices that his eyes are focused mainly on Taehyung.

"Tae, can I speak to you quickly?" he asks, nodding his head in the direction of the kitchen. Taehyung nods and gets up, following him out of the room.

Jeongguk makes sure to keep Hoseok talking in the lounge, fairly certain that Jimin and Taehyung are taking a few moments to say a proper goodbye to each other. Finally the sound of footsteps and the clunking of a bag reaches Jeongguk's ears and then Yoongi's shuffling into the room. He looks every bit as sleepy as he did before, his morning shower clearly doing little to wake him up. Jeongguk thinks he looks kind of adorable, though obviously doesn't voice his thoughts.

He perches on the arm of the couch, clumsily stroking his hand through Jeongguk's hair. It's an affectionate touch that Jeongguk leans into. He's not always comfortable doing such a thing in front of the other members but the tiredness is clearly making Yoongi a little more carefree. There's the sound of a car horn beeping from outside the

house, signalling that the taxi has arrived.

Hoseok subtly makes his way out of the room, wishing to give them a moment to say goodbye. Jeongguk looks up at Yoongi, tugging his mask down to hang loosely around his neck. He smiles up at the elder, receiving a tender smile back. Yoongi leans down, pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss. It doesn't deepen, remaining as a soft brush of lips, but it's enough.

"Can I give you a call when I'm there?" Yoongi asks.

"Sure," Jeongguk tells him, smile spreading a bit wider.

It's only two nights that Yoongi will be away but Jeongguk kind of feels like he's going to miss him. He's so used to his constant presence and now that their feelings have grown so much it seems even tougher. The fact that Yoongi wants to call him makes him feel far too happy to be normal.

The taxi sounds its horn again and then Taehyung's dashing into the lounge, urging them to hurry up. There's a flurry of goodbyes shouted out. Yoongi leans down for one last kiss before standing up, giving Jeongguk a small wave as he heads out the door.

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Yoongi:

Planning on sneaking him back to the house in my bag

Tell no one

Jeongguk opens up the message from Yoongi, waiting until the follow up video loads. He clicks to play, his screen filling up with the sight of Yoongi's dog rolling around on the floor, Yoongi's hand stroking through the fluffy fur. He can hear the sound of Yoongi cooing over him from behind the phone, his voice full of adoration as he keeps repeating to Holly what a cute dog he is. Jeongguk grins at his phone, typing out a quick reply.

Jeongguk:

so long as Cloud can live here too

Yoongi:

Deal

Jeongguk smiles, checking through some of his other messages. There's one from his brother, a selca of him and Eunji on the beach, the sea sparkling in the background. Jeongguk feels a pang of longing for his home town. He likes Seoul but he misses the openness of being on the beach, feeling the breeze from the ocean and the sound of the waves. He definitely doesn't miss the crowds that swarm to Busan in the summer months though and his jealousy lessens a little.

He stares a while longer at the photo of Junghyun and his girlfriend. He's still not actually told him who exactly in the group is his boyfriend, even though Jeongguk could tell that he was dying to ask that night. Jeongguk opens his camera roll on his phone and starts scrolling through the photos he took with Yoongi two nights ago.

A lot of them are blurry and quite terrible, so Jeongguk deletes them as he goes. Some other ones make him laugh. The initial one when he ambushed Yoongi with his request, Yoongi looking unimpressed as Jeongguk tries to make him smile at the camera. Another one where they're trying to imitate each other; Yoongi's showing way too many teeth in an impression of Jeongguk's toothy smile and Jeongguk's sticking his tongue out of the corner of his mouth. They both look slightly maniacal.

There are some nice photos mixed in there though. There's a decent one where they're actually both smiling and not pulling stupid faces. Jeongguk's behind Yoongi, one arm looped around his front and resting over Yoongi's collarbone as the other holds out the camera. His cheek presses against Yoongi's as they look at the camera, Yoongi's smile a little shier than the younger's. There's another one that Jeongguk really likes. Yoongi's twisting his head round to look back at Jeongguk. They're not facing the camera, just looking at each other, but the fondness is clear in their gaze as they're laughing about something. Jeongguk doesn't remember what exactly it was.

His favourite photo, however, is the next one. They're in the same position, Yoongi's head turned back towards Jeongguk who's seated behind him. In this one, though, their lips are pressed together in a gentle kiss, eyes closed. Jeongguk's looked at this photo more times than he'd like to admit over the last two days. He loves the moment that it's captured. It's kind of strange to see them how the other members must do but really nice at the same time. Jeongguk thinks they look good together, and he doesn't care if it's vain to think so. It's odd to realise as he looks down that this one snapshot could potentially ruin both their careers if it got out; how such a small thing could have such a devastating effect. He refuses to delete it though.

Jeongguk goes back to the text conversation with Junghyun. He hesitates a moment before selecting the first picture and sending it to him. It's the only one he feels comfortable with anyone else seeing, the others feeling far too much like private moments. He doesn't add any text, what he's trying to say with the photo being quite obvious. It doesn't take long until he gets a response.

Junghyun:

ugh, you guys look cute together

I honestly thought it was gonna be Taehyung though

Jeongguk splutters reading Junghyun's comment. His brother thought *Taehyung* was his boyfriend? The idea seems crazy. Though in fairness, once he's got over the initial shock, Jeongguk's supposes he can kind of see why he might have thought so. Up until recently, Taehyung had probably been the member he was closest to and he must have mentioned him a lot in conversations with Junghyun. Taehyung has always been quite tactile around Jeongguk too, always hugging or touching him in some way. Yoongi was never like that with Jeongguk; there were a few times that the barrier slipped and he'd be affectionate with the younger, but it was never as constant as Taehyung.

Jeongguk:

I'll tell Yoongi you said that

Junghyun:

don't

he'll kill me

Jeongguk:

too late

Jeongguk opens up his conversation with Yoongi, immediately typing out a message.

Jeongguk:

so I told Junghyun that you're my boyfriend

he said he thought it would be Tae

Yoongi:

…

I'm not sure who I'm meant to fight here, your brother or Taehyung

Jeongguk:

why not both

Yoongi:

I'll do my best

Jeongguk grins down at his phone, tossing it onto the couch before stretching lazily. He's very much enjoying a day in which to do absolutely nothing, a rare treat that he genuinely can't remember being able to experience for a long, long time. The TV plays idly in the background, Jeongguk attempting to watch a movie but not particularly bothered about focusing too intently.

"Hey, Kook," Jimin greets as he wanders into the lounge.

He flops down onto the other couch, stretching himself out too. It's quiet in the house with so many of the members missing. Seokjin's visiting home too and Hoseok arrives back today from doing the same. Namjoon's been pretty busy as well catching up with friends here in Seoul.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies.

"What you watching?" Jimin asks.

"Ah, nothing great," Jeongguk shrugs. "Feel free to change it."

"Cool," Jimin nods but he doesn't move to change to the channel, apparently content with finding a comfortable position on the couch. He sniffles slightly, grabbing a crumpled tissue from the pocket of his sweatpants.

"You feeling any better?"

Jeongguk feels bad for Jimin. He knows that Jimin had been looking forward to visiting home over their short break but started feeling unwell yesterday morning a few hours before he was due to leave for his train. It seems to be a bad head cold and he potentially could have made it home, but he took the decision to stay and rest up, not

wanting to be sick and cause problems for the start of their tour.

“Yeah, a bit, thanks,” he smiles, though he still sounds quite nasal when he speaks.

“Have you heard much more from Tae?” Jeongguk asks.

“Pretty much getting hourly updates. Feel like I’ve seen more of Daegu than I ever wanted to.” He tries to sound irritable but it’s obvious he’s more than pleased to be getting such constant communication from Taehyung. “How’s Yoongi?”

“Fine,” Jeongguk tells him. “Still mainly sending me videos of Holly.”

Jimin laughs lightly though it starts to turn into something of a coughing fit and he reaches for the glass of water he brought in the room with him. Jimin lets it settle before he tries to start talking again.

“How did you like your date the other day?” he asks. "I never really asked."

“I had a really nice time,” Jeongguk replies. “We both did, I think.”

“I’m sure Yoongi did,” Jimin assures him. He pauses, silence filling in the gap for a few moments. “Do you think Tae would like me to take him out like that?”

“I guess so,” Jeongguk says, not really that clued up on on the dating likes and dislikes of Taehyung. “It was fun doing something different and you know, being just the two of us. It was a bit weird though- like, you can’t actually act like you’re on a date.”

“Yeah, that kind of sucks,” Jimin agrees.

Jeongguk waits for a while, glancing over at the doorway to make sure they’re definitely alone before he speaks again.

“Can I ask you something?”

Jimin shifts round to look at Jeongguk at the tone in his voice, and it almost makes Jeongguk laugh, the differences between himself and Yoongi, and Taehyung and Jimin. Jimin’s staring right at him, ready to hear what he’s got to say, whereas he and Yoongi tend to make as little eye contact as possible when having emotional conversations.

“Sure,” he prompts, and waits for Jeongguk to continue.

“You’re gay, right?” Jeongguk asks tentatively, recalling Jimin’s comment from a while back about how being an idol took the pressure off of explaining his lack of a girlfriend.

Jimin nods, giving him a soft smile. “Yeah. Why?”

“Does your family know?”

He sees Jimin swallow heavily and he doesn’t immediately answer the question. “Why, are you planning on telling your family?”

“Junghyun already knows,” Jeongguk tells him and Jimin nods as he listens. “I’ll tell my parents at some point but- I don’t know when I should.”

“Well, don’t rush it. Do it when you’re ready,” Jimin tells him. He sighs and purses his lips together. “But no, I haven’t told my family.”

“Oh,” Jeongguk replies. Jimin’s so close to his family that it surprises him a little.

“I mean, I will, one day,” Jimin says. “I just don't want to burden them with having to lie for me if people ask about it. I always figured whenever I met someone worth telling them about, then I’d do it.”

He laughs, a little happy but a little nervous too, and Jeongguk wonders if he’s thinking of telling them about Taehyung. He doesn’t ask though, and Jimin doesn’t say any more. Jeongguk had never thought of it as burdening his parents - is it selfish of him to want to tell them? He just nods and Jimin smiles.

“Want to play a video game?” Jeongguk asks, changing the topic that’s suddenly gone a little awkward.

Jimin laughs again. “Sure.”

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Yoongi:

you awake?

Jeongguk blinks a little at the screen, bright in the darkness of his bedroom. He twists to glance over his shoulder but it's rather unnecessary; Namjoon's loud snores make it clear that the elder is fast asleep.

Jeongguk:

yeah

Yoongi:

can I call you?

Jeongguk doesn't reply but quietly gets out of bed, walking out of his room and closing the door carefully behind him. He heads into Yoongi and Seokjin's bedroom instead, knowing that it's empty and he can talk in there without disturbing anyone. He settles down on Yoongi's bed and presses the call button. Yoongi picks up almost instantly.

"Hey," he greets, voice quiet but happy.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies, and the happiness is obvious in his voice too. Yoongi didn't manage to get time to call him yesterday, caught up with family stuff, so it's a pleasant surprise to hear from him tonight. Not that Jeongguk had been waiting for a call or anything of course.

"Sorry for calling so late," Yoongi apologies. "It's been busier here than I thought. They planned way more than I expected."

"It's fine," Jeongguk assures him. "Glad you're having a nice time."

"Yeah, it's really good seeing everyone," Yoongi says. "Though I wouldn't be mad if they scheduled in some time to sleep."

He chuckles lowly and Jeongguk finds himself subconsciously pressing the phone closer to his ear to hear more of the sound, reminded of the times when Yoongi will laugh with his lips pressed to Jeongguk's neck.

"Well, sleeping is pretty much all I've been doing," Jeongguk tells him. "You know, and lazing on the couch. Sometimes I even manage to put on a movie." He lets out an exaggerated yawn, as though all this doing nothing is terribly exhausting.

"Thanks for that," Yoongi mutters. "Remind me why I bothered calling you again."

"Um, I think you'll find that *I* called *you,"* Jeongguk retorts. Yoongi makes a small sound of irritation. "So are you at home right now?"

"Yeah, just in my room," Yoongi says.

Jeongguk's interest piques a little. He wonders what Yoongi's bedroom

is like. He knows his own back in Busan is near enough as he left it; family photos scattered in frames on the shelves, some certificates and trophies from his various hobbies mixed in with them, and an array of Big Bang posters tacked to the wall. It always feels kind of strange to stay in there when he goes back, remembering how he used to lay in bed and dream about someone putting posters of *him* of their wall one day.

"What's it like?" Jeongguk asks curiously.

"Um." Yoongi sounds a bit confused. "There's a dresser and some flowers. A picture of some kind of sunset. It's alright."

"That's- kind of weird."

Yoongi laughs softly. "Are you insulting my mother's decorating skills right now?"

"No," Jeongguk protests. "I just figured your room would be a bit more- boyish."

"Oh," Yoongi says, tone now full of understanding as he drags out the word. "This isn't the house I grew up in. My parents moved once I could help them out a little. I'm in the guest room."

"Ah okay, that makes sense," Jeongguk replies, laughing lightly now too. "What was your old room like then?"

"Small," Yoongi says. "We weren't allowed many pictures or anything 'cause me and my brother always ended up fighting over them."

There's a short pause and Jeongguk feels a little awkward for bringing it up. He'd forgotten that Yoongi had grown up a lot poorer than he did. Yoongi doesn't seem to mind answering though, chuckling at the apparent memory of brotherly fights.

"I'm guessing yours is some sort of shrine to Big Bang."

"Something like that," Jeongguk admits.

"Well if I'm ever in Busan, remind me not to stay there," Yoongi says. "I don't need your boyhood crushes staring down at me all night."

"I liked them for their music!" Jeongguk replies, maybe not entirely honestly. He tries not to focus on the fact that Yoongi alluded to potentially visiting his home town in the future and makes sure to

hide the edge of excitement from his voice.

"Sure, sure, I believe you," Yoongi says, in a way that makes it clear he definitely doesn't. Jeongguk can almost hear the smirk down the phone and he truly wishes that he could see it. He almost asks if they can switch to a video call but then there's a faint knocking sound from the other end of the phone.

"Hold on a sec."

Jeongguk nods even though Yoongi can't see him. He waits patiently, listening to Yoongi's whispered conversation with another guy, Yoongi slipping into a much thicker Daegu accent than Jeongguk's used to hearing as they speak.

"Sorry about that," Yoongi says once he's back on the phone. "My brother's pissed that I've got the bed and he has to sleep on the couch."

There's an obvious triumphant note in his voice and it makes Jeongguk grin. He idly wonders if Namjoon and Hoseok ever felt the need for such constant competition growing up without brothers.

"Nice." There's a momentary lull in the conversation before Jeongguk works up the courage to say what he's really wanting to, even though it's ridiculous. Come on, it's only been two days for god's sake. "I miss you."

"I miss you too," Yoongi tells him softly, not missing a beat.

Neither quite seems to know what to say after that, both of them letting out quiet, embarrassed laughter. Jeongguk can feel a low heat in his cheeks even though no one can see him right now. He fiddles aimlessly with the covers on Yoongi's bed.

"I'm in your bedroom," Jeongguk says rather pointlessly.

"Oh," Yoongi says, a caught a little off guard by the random comment. "You know, you're not meant to tell the person when you're creeping round their room."

"I'm not *creeping*," Jeongguk protests, smiling nonetheless.

"Sure," Yoongi replies, that smirk evident in his voice once again.

"Well I couldn't exactly talk with you while I was in my room could I?"

Jeongguk explains. "I didn't want Namjoon overhearing everything."

"Oh really," Yoongi says, his tone suddenly melting into something a lot more seductive, and Jeongguk's insides feel like they've turned to liquid. "Why - what exactly were you hoping to talk about?"

"Nothing like that," Jeongguk grins.

"Oh," Yoongi teases. "That's a shame."

Yoongi's voice really needs to be at least an octave higher than it is right now, the low, smooth tone making Jeongguk feel much too warm all over. He shifts a little on the bed, on *Yoongi's* bed, and the thought of where he is does nothing to stop the heat pooling in his lap.

"You're at home, Yoongi," Jeongguk reminds him, though his own voice starts to slip into something much more sultry too. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"I can be quiet," Yoongi assures him, speaking even more softly than before as though to prove his point. "I want to hear what you *do* dream about."

Jeongguk almost feels like he could laugh at Yoongi's blunt attempt to steer the conversation in a certain direction. He doesn't though, his words ringing far too temptingly in Jeongguk's ear.

"Yoongi," he says in warning.

There's no real force behind the warning however. Jimin, Hoseok and Namjoon are all in their rooms asleep, the other members all still out of the house, so it's not like anyone's going to be walking into this room any time soon. And it's been a long time since they've done anything like this, the hectic schedule recently making anything sexual nigh on impossible.

"Yes?" Yoongi replies, his voice a weak attempt at sweetness and naivety that makes Jeongguk grin deviously in response.

"And there I was, thinking you wanted to call me to find out about my day," Jeongguk says coquettishly.

"Of course I did," Yoongi drawls. "But it's been so long, Kook."

The edge of neediness is clear in Yoongi's words and it makes

Jeongguk's hand drop to the front of his underwear without thinking. He rubs his palm lightly against the material, thankful for the hot weather recently that has made pajamas impractical. He can feel himself hardening under his touch, breath hitching at the sensation.

"Way too long," he agrees, hoping that Yoongi's starting to touch himself too.

"Can't stop thinking about the last time," Yoongi says. "You know, on the couch."

A fresh wave of heat flushes Jeongguk's body at the memory. That time had been incredible, made even better than usual, Jeongguk thinks, by the deeper connection that came from confessing their love to each other moments beforehand.

"Yeah," Jeongguk sighs. "The way you fucked me- god, it was amazing. I loved it."

A small whimper sounds down the phone and it sends a jolt through Jeongguk, fairly certain now that Yoongi's touching himself too.

"I'm glad," Yoongi murmurs. "Love to make you feel good. Just want to give you everything you deserve."

Jeongguk's almost inclined to wonder if Yoongi's been drinking, his words coming out a lot easier than normal. Though perhaps it's just the distance that being on the phone provides; Jeongguk knows that *he* certainly finds it a lot less embarrassing to voice such thoughts when they're talking on a call rather than face to face.

"You always make me feel so good, Yoongi," Jeongguk breathes out, his hand slipping beneath the waist of his underwear.

He gasps lightly at the sensation, his cock hot and heavy as he wraps his fingers around himself. He starts off a slow, lazy stroke of his hand, already far too wound up from a few sentences from Yoongi to let himself go any faster for fear of it all being over too quickly.

"Fuck," Yoongi sighs. "You touching yourself, baby?"

Jeongguk gives a low noise of assent. "Yeah. You?"

"Yeah."

Jeongguk swallows hard at Yoongi's response; even though he'd

already guessed as much, it's more than a little hot to actually have it confirmed. He pushes his underwear down to his thighs, allowing his hand to move a bit more freely as he strokes himself.

"Do you ever do this on your own?" Jeongguk asks. "You know, thinking about us?"

"Sometimes," Yoongi admits, and the array of images that it instantly conjures up makes Jeongguk's cock throb with desire. He imagines Yoongi in the shower stroking himself, turned on by thoughts of them, of Jeongguk. A soft moan falls from Jeongguk's lips, thumb brushing over the head of his cock just right as his mind floods with too many tantalising pictures.

"I mean, I've got *you* as my boyfriend and yet most days we barely get a moment to ourselves, let alone get to spend proper time together," Yoongi explains. "It can get a little frustrating sometimes."

He lets out a short, breathless laugh, and the knowledge makes Jeongguk grin lazily. He knows the feeling all too well. Having Yoongi so near all the time is wonderful, but when they're both in a certain mood and stuck in a house full of people- well, frustrating is putting it lightly.

"What about you?" Yoongi asks curiously.

"Yeah, quite a lot," Jeongguk answers, and his honesty makes Yoongi huff out a louder breath of laughter this time. Jeongguk's not going to lie though. Just because they're in a relationship doesn't mean that his sexual urges have dissipated. They may be satisfied more now, but it doesn't stop the hormones that rage irresistibly inside of him.

"That's kind of hot," Yoongi admits, no traces of the laughter left.

"Only kind of?" Jeongguk teases.

"Fine," Yoongi sighs. "Really fucking hot."

Jeongguk grins at his comment and he's pretty's sure that Yoongi will be grinning too, despite the playful note of irritation in his voice. Jeongguk wets his lips, focusing for a moment on the languid glide of his fingers around his cock, wishing so much that it was Yoongi's hand instead. He imagines Yoongi right now, stroking himself on the bed in the guest room. It makes his stomach clench, the thought that Yoongi wants this so badly that he'll take the risk of doing this in a house with family in the other rooms. It gives Jeongguk a surge of arousal, same

as it did when he knew Yoongi was calling from his studio the last time they did this.

"I sometimes look at that photo you sent me. You know, when I was in Japan," Jeongguk tells him, his thoughts about the last time bringing back the memory of the picture. He thinks that Yoongi would like to hear it.

"Really?" Yoongi asks breathily, clearly intrigued. Jeongguk's sure he can detect a hint of pride in the response too.

"Yeah." Jeongguk groans a little, remembering the photo as he twists his wrist slightly on the next upstroke. How hard Yoongi was, all because of him. He wonders if that's how Yoongi looks right now. He hears Yoongi inhale sharply and Jeongguk's willing to bet that he does. The thought makes Jeongguk move his hand a bit faster.

"Maybe I'll have to send you some more then," Yoongi promises, voice almost a whisper, and Jeongguk's breath catches at the thought. He recalls Yoongi's hesitance in even sending one photo the first time Jeongguk asked and now he's offering them up willingly. It makes his head spin, not just from the thought of receiving the photos, but from the trust that Yoongi clearly places in him.

"Please," Jeongguk whimpers softly. He pauses, thinking back to the photo of the two of them kissing taken the other night. He swallows thickly before voicing his suggestion. "Unless we take some together instead."

There's a soft, strangled noise that comes from Yoongi, and it would be funny if it wasn't so immensely arousing. "Jesus, Kook, you trying to kill me?"

"What?" Jeongguk replies, full of exaggerated innocence. "You don't think they'd be good pictures?"

"Just give me a moment," Yoongi says. "My brain's just melted."

Jeongguk snorts quietly at this, Yoongi's low chuckle following shortly after. "Sorry."

"No you're not," Yoongi replies.

"No, not really," Jeongguk agrees. He waits a few moments before speaking again, getting caught up in the slick slide of his hand on his cock, the way his toes curl into the covers when his hand squeezes just

that little bit tighter. "Wish you were here with me."

"Me too, baby," Yoongi sighs. "We'll find a way to be alone tomorrow."

"Fuck, yes," Jeongguk whispers. "Need you so badly."

It's not even an exaggeration to say that he needs him. He always figured that sort of unwavering passion was something invented by people who created those awful romantic dramas but he kind of gets it now. He *needs* Yoongi in a way he can't even describe, constantly there, simmering below the surface.

His comment draws a low moan from Yoongi, the sound shooting straight into Jeongguk's lap. God, he wishes he could hear it pressed into his skin right now rather than uttered down a phone from miles away.

"Shit, Kook," he breathes. "We'll make it happen, I promise. I wanted to the other night but the others were still around and- "

"It's okay," Jeongguk assures him. "I don't sleep with guys on the first date anyway."

There's a few seconds of silence before they both burst out laughing, and Jeongguk feels another layer of warmth settle over him, one much deeper than the heat of his arousal. He loves that he feels comfortable enough to joke around with Yoongi like they do. It doesn't detract from the atmosphere or ruin the moment; instead it only adds to it, making him feel even closer to the elder.

"Fuck, I miss you," Yoongi sighs, repeating his earlier sentiment, and Jeongguk knows it's more than just the physical side he's referring to. It makes his stomach swirl happily, rising above the heavy heat gathering in the very pit of it.

"You too," Jeongguk replies. "I just want to be with you all the time. Like, I know we pretty much are but- yeah."

Jeongguk's rambling and he's getting way too sentimental for his liking, and he's starting to wonder if he's the one who's had something to drink.

"I know," Yoongi says, apparently choosing not to tease Jeongguk for his sappiness. "Can't wait to see you. Be alone with you. Fuck, just want to make you feel so good."

"*God*, Yoongi," Jeongguk groans, Yoongi setting every nerve in his body alight from his promises. "Want it so much. Want you in me, want you to make me come."

His sentences comes out mumbled, overcome by the need and desire and the love he feels for Yoongi, amplified so much just from a few days apart. It's truly worrying but Jeongguk can't find it in him to care right now.

"Oh god, I'm close," Yoongi whispers rapidly. "Are you?"

"Y-yeah, yes," Jeongguk stutters, hand moving faster on himself, letting that heat coil relentlessly inside of him.

The only noises he can hear are the slick, wet sound of his hand working his cock and Yoongi's laboured breathing, panted out into his ear, eventually raising in pitch then cutting off sharply.

There's a low, muffled moan, Yoongi clearly trying not to be loud and covering his mouth with his hand or a pillow or something as he finishes. Jeongguk can picture it so vividly, the way Yoongi's stomach dips as he's about to come, the way his eyebrows pinch together and his eyes close as the sensation takes over.

It's all too much and it only takes a few more quick strokes before Jeongguk's back arches off the bed and he's coming too. Yoongi's name slips out louder than intended as he feels that incredible burst of pleasure course through him, before leaving him limp and panting, phone held loosely in his hand.

A while passes where neither of them speak. All Jeongguk can hear is Yoongi's breathing, erratic but comforting in its familiarity. Finally Yoongi breaks the silence.

"Fuck. You just came all over my covers didn't you."

His realisation sounds so deflated that Jeongguk can't help but grin, unable to hold back his smile as he pictures Yoongi's huffy face.

"Actually it was mostly over myself," Jeongguk admits. "Your covers are pretty much intact."

"Okay good," Yoongi says, breathing still not entirely back to normal. He takes a couple more moments before adding, "Guess, we'll just have to mess them up tomorrow instead."

"I'm up for the challenge," Jeongguk laughs softly.

Yoongi hums in acknowledgement. Jeongguk wishes he was here right now, grumbling about cleaning up afterwards before getting under the covers with Jeongguk, arm wrapped around the younger and holding him close. The comfortable silence continues a little longer and Jeongguk can feel his eyelids getting heavy.

"Okay, I don't want to but I probably need to go," Yoongi sighs. "I'm in a bit of a mess and I went my whole teenage life without getting caught like this. I'm not about to break that streak now and scar my parents for life."

Jeongguk chuckles but also feels a little jealous. His teenage years as a trainee held quite a few embarrassing times of dorm mates catching him at inopportune moments. Going all your teenage life without getting caught seems like something of a miracle.

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow," Jeongguk smiles. "Thanks for the call."

"You called me remember?" Yoongi teases, imitating Jeongguk's earlier comment.

"True," Jeongguk grins. "I'll just thank myself then."

He hears Yoongi tut down the phone. "Aish. What an ego," he reprimands, though he laughs as he does so. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"See you," Jeongguk grins.

When the call ends Jeongguk carefully removes his t shirt, rolling it up into a ball and cleaning up any traces before tugging his underwear back into place. He chucks his shirt on the floor, too lazy to go back to his own room. And maybe just a little keen to stay in Yoongi's bed, the lingering trace of his scent on the covers proving too alluring. It's not weird at all, Jeongguk tells himself even though yeah, he thinks it probably is at least a *little* weird.

He sinks into the mattress, wrapping himself up in the covers. His limbs feels heavy, that cosy drowsiness that follows on from the high of his orgasm starting to envelop him. He glances at his phone, taking a few seconds to convince himself that he can totally blame the idea on his fuzzy brain right now. He opens up the camera, holding it stretched out above him. He grins happily as he snaps a picture, quickly sending it to Yoongi along with some text.

Jeongguk:

stealing your bed

It's not long before he sees the read notification but he doesn't immediately get a message in return. He stares at the screen anxiously, worried that he's being a bit too weird, but then he sees the typing symbol and waits.

Yoongi:

night beautiful

Jeongguk blinks at the words a few times, a deep happiness unfurling in his chest as he rereads. It's a ridiculously sappy message and a little surprising coming from Yoongi. He knows he should hate it but he kind of- doesn't. Quite the opposite. He doesn't exactly know how to respond so Jeongguk opts for his default reaction of teasing.

Jeongguk:

night Princess

Yoongi:

that's it

get the fuck out of my bed

Jeongguk:

nah

too comfy

Yoongi:

you are the worst

Jeongguk:

think you'll find I'm the best actually

Yoongi:

...

see you tomorrow

Jeongguk grins and closes the conversation. It may have only been a few days, but he honestly can't wait.

End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH to everyone who reads and enjoys and comments on this. I adore writing these boys and it means the world to know that you are so invested in what happens with them too :) Thank you!

I hope that you enjoyed this part - as ever, your comments are truly appreciated <3

PS Vmin up next :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!